The Mourning Conquest. Or,

The Womans sad Complaint, and doleful Cry.
To see her Love in Fainting-fits to lye.

The Tune is, *A loving Husband will not be unto his Wife unkind.*

AS I did walk abroad one time,
I chanced for to see,
A Young-man and a Maid, but
they did not know of me;
She being in the vain then,
chuckt him under the chin,
And smiling in his face, she said,
alas poor thing.

The Young-man very bashful was
but had a good intent,
He lov'd the Maid with all his heart
but knew not what she meant,
And much a do she had, poor heart,
this Young man for to bring,
Unto her bow, which made her cry,
alas poor thing!

She by his loving Complements,
did understand and find,
That she might safely let him know
and understand her mind:
Pretending for to tumble,
on the ground herself did fling,
And said, Sweet-heart I fell by
alas poor thing! (chance

The young-man standing all amaz'd
for a little space,
And finding opertunity,
and a convenient place,
Under a shady Bower,
close by a pleasant Spring;
Upon the Maid himself he throws,
alas poor thing.

I could not chuse but laugh to see
these two so close imploy'd,
The young-man was contented, and
the Maid was over joy'd,
Expressing of her love, she
did closely to him cling,
But finding him begin to fail,
alas poor thing.

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IT was not long before this young man
was tired with this sport, (now,
he laid him down to rest a while,
he took his breath full short:
She turn'd about, and kist him, and
did closely to him cling,
Sweet-heart (quoth she) how dost thou
alas poor thing! (now,
But finding him in fainting fits,
she then began to weep, (joynts
And with her hands she rubb'd his
to keep this Youth from sleep;
Quoth she, sweet-heart, thy weakness
my very heart to sting: (makes
Come eye, for shame rouze up thy self
alas poor thing!

And comming to himself again,
his face look't wondrous wan,
Wishing he were as strong, as when
he first with her began:
And in a rage he swore, he thought
no Woman e're could bring,
A man so weak, which made him cry
alas poor thing!

Quoth she, sweet-heart, the Souldier
doth venture in t'
Although at first
the day they!

London,

But face about, and Charge again,
and take the other fling:
Ile do my best to second thee,
alas poor thing!

Poor heart, she did what in her lay,
this Young-mans heart to cheer,
By kissing him, and calling him,
her Hony, and her Dear;
But finding of his Courage,
so sadly for to hing,
Down she fell again, and cry'd,
alas poor thing!

The youngman hearing of her moan
his credit for to gain,
Resolving for to try his strength,
but all was spent in vain:
And troubling of his love-slain mind
he like a Logg did cling,
Which made her kick him off, & cry,
alas poor thing!

So to conclude, I saw this youth,
most fairely beat in Field:
The stoutest heart that ever grew,
is sometimes forced to yeild,
And so put up his Blade again,